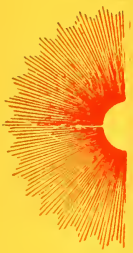
PRICE, 50c.



TWO CHICAGO LIGHTS

OR

PULPIT POWERS

NEW, ORIGINAL AND SENSATIONAL

BY

BRIER-BRIER

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NEW . ORIGINAL . SENSATIONAL

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BRIER BRIER

Matthew S Stokes
of "Chicago

CHICAGO

1892

PS2943
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Preface.

The principal object of the author in issuing this little volume is, to encourage interest in Bible reading. However well educated people may be, as far as secular knowledge is concerned, they cannot afford to neglect the reading and studying of the Bible, without incurring the risk of being considered wofully ignorant.

Besides, the Bible comes to us as individuals and demands our individual attention and acquiescence, without making anyone responsible for our negligence or misguidance. It thus becomes a common sense matter, with all reasonable people, to read the word of God for themselves, as it only approaches them on the terms of personal responsibility, and there is no way of shirking the consequences that neglect entails. And not only so, but to read it with such solid interest, as never to rest satisfied until its letter and spirit have made their true and lasting impressions on the fabric of the soul.

In the midst of so many self-seeking and self-glorifying notions that the blessed truth is made responsible for, it is comforting and encouraging to drink "the unadulterated milk of the word," free from the contamination of human imperfections and the gall of worldly-wise speculations. The simple truth when taken in its natural simplicity, which levels itself to every reasonable capacity, maketh wise unto salvation, and gives its possessor the correct idea of True Wisdom—creates thirst that the truth, as it is in Jesus, only can satisfy—the honest, awakened soul seeketh after truth, and must have it if it makes the hair of the head stand erect, rather than have palmed upon it a pleasing substitute, which only means eternal ruin in the end.

"Read, Mark, Learn and inwardly digest the Truth."

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Introduction.

The former part of this poem in a humble way undertakes to make strictures on a sermon preached in the Central Music Hall, Chicago, Sunday morning, September 8th, 1891, from the words, "I am not come to destroy but to fulfill." The text is found in Matthew 5 : 17.

The context from which the professor abstracted the *phrase*, reads as follows : "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets ; *I am not come to destroy but to fulfill.* For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled. Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of these least commandments and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven ; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the

kingdom of heaven." A parallel passage in Luke reads: "No servant can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. And the Pharisees who were covetous, heard all these things and derided him. And he said unto them, Ye are they which justify yourselves before men; but God knoweth your hearts; for that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God. The law and the prophets were until John; since that time the kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth into it. And it is easier for heaven and earth to pass, than one tittle of the law to fail."

In Romans 3: 31, we have—"Do we make void the law; yea, by faith we establish it. And in Romans 10: 4, "For Christ is the end of the law to every one that believeth." In Galatians 3: 24, "Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ that we might be justified by faith." Peter informs us that "The *word* of the Lord endureth forever."

From the words of the text and their natural surroundings, one might reasonably expect a

sermon exhibiting the character and work of Christ, as the fulfiller of the law ; and showing reasons for his saying, "That no jot or tittle of the law shall fail until all is fulfilled." But instead of this, the speaker seemed to make a strong attempt to show that Christ in reality fulfilled nothing more than any other man could do ; that there was nothing to fulfill ; and nothing to bring that was not in the world before he came. And as regards His saying, "The law shall not pass away till all is fulfilled" — it is simply incorrect, because it is *not God's word*, but fallible human history, and therefore, we may take as little of it as we like, and refuse as much as we please. This is the natural inference to be drawn from the way in which the subject is treated.

Listen ! "Thus saith the Lord, let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches : but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth : for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

The latter part of this poem shall be allowed to speak for itself. However, the author would have it understood that he is a lover of *Methodism*, and regards with veneration the mighty achievements which it has accomplished in the blessed work of saving souls. And, also, acknowledges how much he is himself indebted to early religious impressions, instructions and gracious impulses, with which Methodism must be credited. But, it must be allowed that Methodism is not what it was, and the question that naturally arises is: Is it advancing or retrograding? This is the great question that every individual member, as well as the church collectively, ought to ask and endeavor to correctly solve.

"A Great Light."

There is a great imposing Light
That throws its rays both near and far;
Some seem to think the rays are straight
And take it for their guiding-star.
When darkness seems to form a wall,
And troubled doubts surround with terror,
Then once a week these rays that fall
May clear away the mists of error.

We went to sit beneath its sheen,
And catch the brillance of its rays;
Observe, where things are brightly seen,
Where wisdom makes its choice displays.
And it is thus, we come to note
Particulars that then occurred;
How things appeared to strike the thought
Both as to what was seen and heard.

The preaching place or Music Hall—
A spacious, fine, commodious room,
Perhaps, two thousands holds in all
When every seat has met its doom.
Its entrance wears palatial style;
By marble steps leads to approach;
The vestibule of fancy tile,
Does, but to please the eye, encroach.
The seats are what's called opera chairs,
Upturn, and have hat rack below;
Which might, when fashion almost scares,
Serve some to rack the bonnet show.
There's outer circle and parquet,
Upper and lower gallery;
There, too, the incandescent ray
To blaze through electricity.
The daylight enters at the top,
By stained-glass window, in the roof;
The silver beams transparent drop,
As old Sol plants his brillant hoof.
Upraised in front, there seems as were,
Twin organs that do face each other;

More on the angle than the square,
Which makes Jock cross-eyed own his brother.
An open corridor between
Seems to connect the noisy pair ;
Right in the center might be seen
The man that regulates the air.
And just in front, rostrum, of course—
With three cheap chairs to grace its floor.
A pulpit that the chairs indorse,
A flower stand that means no more.
These simple-like utensils made
A striking contrast with the rest ;
All else seemed on a high parade
Except the man the crowd addressed.

There was no wonder working choir
To let the congregation rest ;
All sang that had the least desire—
And many seemed to do their best.
No money-serving quartet there,
No howling prima-donna wench ;

A plain precenter struck the air
While standing on the rostrum bench.
There was, of course, the lucre call,
To show that money needs exist;
The regular familiar haul,
On which the churches so insist.
How good the gospel flowing free—
Although, the mediums look for pay—
To that poor man that goes to see
And for the first time goes to pray.
To him the gospel's oddly free,
With money-box pushed at his nose,
Which seems to say—"Now! let us see
Your pockets! Are they free or close?"
Then strike a chord with hearts aglow—
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow"—
When, he well knows, they made a go,
Right for his pockets to bestow.
To him! we say, 'tis strangely odd!
And does the gracious gospel dim!

To thus attribute all to God—
And still make such a go for him?

In hat rack in each upturned seat,
Is programme of the service near,
Both hymns and music are complete;
Announcements also do appear.
This saves the preacher's long harangue
And silently the matter serves,
While spouting and commenting clang
A congregation oft unnerves.

Being early there was shown a seat,
And found the programme as above;
The hymns, all beautiful and sweet,
And brimming with the Saviour's love;
Did look them over with delight.
And then again, did look them through,
So beautiful they seemed at sight—,
And still more beautiful they grew.
Though old, they seemed so sweetly new,
And brought along a holy fire,

The sweetest sight brought into view—
The Lamb of God ! The soul's desire !
They made Him in great grace appear
In all his sweetest loveliness ;
In every word such happy cheer
To lift the sad and comfortless.
They shadowed forth the preacher's theme,
Showed just the place it would come out ;
Whether by the quire or the ream—
'Twas Jesus he would talk about.

The organ boomed the overture
With pleasing cheerfulness and grace
By which it also chimed the hour
The great man would assume his place.
And shortly, then, he did appear,
And took his seat behind the desk—
Did not seem such a mighty seer !
Though traces bore of quaint grotesque.
He seemed to be of medium height ;
Opposed to personal display ;

Doubtless would be a shining light,
If he but gave an unwarped ray.

His tapered fingers owned no rings,
No massive guard begirts his vest;
No gold chronometer outbrings
To flaunt it with a silly zest.
No gold in blossom or in bud
By which he might the poorest bluff—
Except a chaste, retiring stud
That fastened down his linen cuff.
His glasses owned no golden rim—
The frames seemed but of common steel;
No pride was visible in him
That his exterior did reveal.

He seemed to stand as if he thought
Himself sufficient for the work,
To draw the close attention sought
Till his discourse he did unlurk;
And not because he's handsome looking—
He is the opposite to that;

No beauty in him worth the booking,
Unless it comes from out his chat.
In this respect he's like the one
That really ought to be his master ;
But somehow does not catch right on—
Though he works hard with sticking-plaster.
Is like a root out of dry ground—
To see him, nothing to desire ;
But when he speaks and nothing found,
It makes the sickened soul retire.

Nor is there beauty in his style,
However rich his thoughts incline ;
Is far too much upon the while,
And not a little on the whine ;
Lets flow no dashing eloquence
To sweetly sweep the mind along !
Whatever may be said of sense,
'Tis highly seasoned with sing-song.
For all his wisdom !—owned as wise—
And, one that's crossed Lore Lake's do-
main—

He seems to own nought from the skies
With which to heighten up his strain.

The organ ceases, up stands he,
And reads in slow, impressive tones
Hymn first in order of the three,
And which so much of Jesus owns.

" My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine !
Now hear me when I pray,
Take all my sins away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine !

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire !

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour! then in love,
Fear and distress remove,
Oh bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!"

He read a Psalm, engaged in prayer,
Which was addressed to Father God;
When through—he claimed to leave it there
In name of Jesus, Saviour, Lord.

A solo here the leader sang,
And then another hymn was sung;

The praise of Jesus sweetly rang,
And thrilled, as 'twere, from every tongue.

"Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from every star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart so near!

Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

Lord of all life, below, above
Whose light is *truth*, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever blazing throne
We ask no *lustre of our own.*

Grant us Thy *truth* to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame."

The great man now announced his text—
St. Matthew, five, and seventeen;
Clause of a sentence disannexed,
Which of itself did nothing mean.
But that seems what he really wanted—
It gave him scope for any way,
And yet to have his subject planted
As if it caught the Saviour's ray.
Made Jesus only say—"I come,
Not to destroy but to fulfill,"
While he was showing men their doom
Who did not own Jehovah's will—
Saying, think not that I have come
To law destroy, or prophets end;
I did not come to these entomb,
But to fulfill what they intend;
No "jot or tittle" here shall pass

Till everything has been fulfilled,
And woe to that unworthy class
That act so stupid and self-willed.

But notwithstanding this plain talk
The learned speaker never hears,
But off he saunters in a walk
To see in *nature* what appears,
And seems to find so very much,
It dwarfs the Christian's plea for place,
We may pretend as such and such,
But pagans far outvie for grace.

He says, The Saviour only came
To advocate what they possess ;
When understood, it is the same—
The very self-same righteousness.
But these thick-headed, orthodox,
They've got things mixed in such a way—
That people's minds get in the stocks
Wherever they may hap to stray;—

The Saviour brought us nothing new—
He only really came to help
Where things had loosened in the screw,
To take and give a thumping skelp !—
Was nothing really for to bring—
All was already in possession ;
He only could but give a swing,
To help along nature's procession.

Makes Jesus say—speaking to Jews—
I'm come, not to destroy your words,
But that more pleasing speech accrues,
With which propriety accords.
He thus, the Saviour does belie,
Because he filled a different mission,
Told them, they did God's law deny—
" Made none effect, by their tradition."

Then, he in learning's richest dress,
Says, We cannot safely yet assume
That all who live, they do possess
The light that round the wiser loom.

That all are mere humanity
  Has rich religion of its own,
Wants no new realm of piety—
  Just helping hand or stepping stone.
But many have imprisoned been
  Within a special church's walls;
The broad, fair landscape have not seen
  That sounds like ocean's pious calls.

Then, to an Irish temple goes—
  Somewhere, along the Irish coast,
To clinch what he does now declare
  As if brand new from Holy Ghost.
'Twas built some hundred years ago
  A league in distance from the sea.
The sea, objected to the show,—
  Resolved such distance should not be,
And so it gradually draws near—
  Mahomet like, to mountain goes;
And now in friendship they appear,
  And each to each attention shows.
They blend their praises to the sky,

The organ and the waves agree;
The worshipers are helped on high
And all is glorious harmony.

And thus we find how nature goes
To help a sinner on to heaven;
How sad—one here and there but knows
The pious gifts by nature given!

He says, There have conversions been
'Fore these of Whitfield and of others;
In India, they may now be seen
A saving faith 'mong pagan brothers—
And then a vivid picture draws
Of one Epictetus, a slave,
Whose innate grace propounded laws
Till nature did supremely save.
He lived well in the distant days
And knew nought of the gospel sheen;
In Rome, he caught the saving grace,
Such as with Christians seldom seen.
Possessed no Bible as his guide,

No preacher to explain the way ;
All that he had was nature tide
On which his frail bark safely lay.
He was a perfect prodigy
For godliness and holy ways ;
Attained this height of piety
By following out what nature says.

To show the holy state of mind
To which this heathen slave attained,
He showed how deep his thoughts inclined
When he with God an audience gained.
Referring to the end of life,
The pagan either said or wrote,
How glad, as he should meet death's knife,
To thus express the following thought :
" Have I, O God, in any way,
Transgressed at all Thy high command ?
Have I not properly used my day,
The power Thou gavest me in hand ?
Have ever I yet blamèd Thee ?
Have I with providence found fault ?

When by Thy will I ill might be,
Did I, in strict obedience halt?
At Thy command, I've poor been,
But was content. Thy pleasure was
I should remain, both poor and mean;
Did I, for wrong make this a cause?
Have I not ever come to Thee
With cheerful countenance and love,
To ready, with commands agree,
And all my firm affection prove?
And, if it's now Thy will that I
Depart from 'mong the ranks of men,
I do depart—nor Thee deny!—
Because, Thy works, oft and again,
Have in the world by me been seen.
Thy kindness, I could so conceive,—
Take back all I have ever been,
Or am, for Thou to me didst give."

Says: Thus, facts of conversion, and
Regeneration, long were found,
And lay in the dark pagan land;

Where sin abounded, grace did much more
abound!

We have presented this in some-
What of a hurried, restless way;
Ideas have found their proper room,
The words as near as we can say.
And further say, we feel ashamed
To thus present such twaddle here,
And were it not for reasons named,
From such, we would wide distance steer.
But when we find a preacher paid
Ten thousand dollars for his work,
Who loves such twaddle to parade—
Old heathen legends to unlurk;
And not to teach a junior class,
But audience of two thousand souls,
Who seem to take all that may pass
For gospel that his tongue unrolls;
And then a pluming daily prints,
Through high regard for the great man
Or to extend its narrow stint,

And act upon a wider plain—
Spreads broadcast to the wide, wide world—
That is within its "Ocean" coast;
What Sunday heard on Monday's hurl'd
As if he was its greatest boast,

And this is our apology
For with such twaddle taking time—
This heathen self-doxology
That we have put in crippled rhyme.

But as we are about this thing,
Perhaps we might a thought suggest,
To aid a right and proper swing
And show the picture at its best,—
So that it may be rightly seen
In all the grandeur of its hues.
To place—where nature's truer sheen
Will aid observers in their views.

It seems an isolated case;—
One out of Rome's great crowded city
Where millions could have joined in praise

To swell the slaves' religious ditty.
And, why not have the picture shaded,
Which of this slave is nicely drawn?
A background beautifully graded,—
In front, a pond and lovely lawn?
St. Paul supplies the sweetest shading
In Romans, and, in chapter one;
He there presents the grace unfading
That did the Roman people don,
The sweet and wholesome social bliss,
That dwarfs all other peoples known,
So far from owning ought amiss,
They rank a perfect paragon.
Would that not bring the subject out?—
Supply the picture with relief,
Throw impetus into the shout—
Long live, Epictetus, as chief!

Supposing then, the legend true,
What does it really come to teach?
Does it bring saving truth in view?
Or grace within the sinner's reach?

Does that poor man the slave of sin,
Get any help from such a tale?
Where shall he look? or where begin
To bulge, or break, sin's iron rail?
He's tried, and tried, and tried again;
And just as often he has failed;—
There's naught so true, as this of men,—
All are by sinful nature railed!
And if you ever find a man,
Who is a saint by *nature*,—say,
Just shape yourselves for quickest plan,
To make out of his *saintly* way.

And still this abject Roman slave,
Was not unique, nor stands alone;
There's others who themselves could save,
And for their sinful ways atone.
That noble high-toned Pharisee,
Who could add cubits by the score;
Could go to God—say, Look at me!—
I measure up!—and something more.

And further to support his case
He gave another pagan instance,—
Another miracle of grace
That places Christians at long distance.
This is a thing of recent date,
And, therefore, cannot be ignored ;
He takes it from a pious slate,
And, therefore, may be widely roared.
He gives it as new gospel news,—
Good tidings to the present race,
That ought to every heart enthuse
To seek this hallowed, pagan grace.

It is not from himself he speaks,
But one whose name is rated high ;
Who, from his brilliant brain outleaks
What learned thinkers edify ;
On whom fair fame has poured its showers,
Whose name spreads through two hemi-
spheres ;
Whose eloquence regales the hours,
While charming music fills the ears ;

Whose mental stretch is great and wide,—
  Spanned erudition's mighty plain,
Along with all that did betide
  With bearing India on the brain.
But, as to vital godliness,
  We scarcely know him how to spot,—
Still, should we venture on a guess,
  We 'd place him near a Hottentot ;
And somewhat on the further side
  Where nature skirts the human brink ; —
That territory, wild and wide,
  Where flourishes the missing link.
Or, if we take this bright example
  Which this great scholar does adduce,
Then, we behold a gilt-edged sample,
  Of first-class prized religious goose ;
And if we carry down the thought
  To where a curious mind might wish,
We find our higher powers brought
  To contemplate a jelly-fish,
And, if we still must further go
  To fathom this great evolution,

We find, at last, a *cipher* show
As perfect, plain, and proved solution.

So if he now would change his sphere,
Assuming to instruct the soul—
Has circumnavigated clear,
All that belongs an earthly goal,
Until he's raised himself so high
By lofty learning's towering thoughts,
He'd better stay below *the sky*
'Till he has learned some *simple notes.*
For worldly knowledge means but little
In settling up a sinful case ;
It does not tell the smallest tittle,
In buying up a grain of grace.

But still, perhaps, we're talking fast,
A great professor quotes this man—
He speaks ! —and ought to be the last ! —
Pigmies ! must not attempt to scan.
It does not follow, it is wrong !
Because, weak minds cannot discern !
They must accept things from the strong,

Till they are big enough to learn.
And hence, we only give this thing
In substance, as the rhyme will show;
Add nothing to the gushing spring—
Take nothing from its sparkling flow:

Max Müller, in a recent essay,
Draws picture, far more beautiful
Than that, which does the slave portray,—
Though, beauty rich, we there did cull.
It is a pagan girl, whose birth
Occurred but thirty years ago:
'Twas India, where she struck the earth
And came such saving faith to know.
When she was only nine years old,
She was this soon in marriage given
To youth, eleven we are told—
And, then, began their earthly heaven.
While moving onward hand in hand,
Like a new Paul and Virginia,
These natural minds saw on the land—
Not only nature's rich display,

And the more pleasing, quiet haunts
  Sacred to holy friendship trod—
But on the path that meets all wants,
  The footprints of the living God.
And little by little, the clouds
  Of their idolatry rolled away ;
One by one the idol that deludes
  Fell helpless through the brighter ray ;
And their sky became brilliant,
  With inexpressible splendor,
Which awes man—till he is silent—
  Except as he whispers—God,—no more !

These two climbed up to the rich sense,
  That God, alone, did first exist ;
All came by His wise providence,
  By Him were made and do subsist ;
Is infinite, intelligent,
  Omnipotent—refuge of all—
Immutable, benevolent—
  To each His mercies richly fall—
By serving Him, men can attain

The highest good while here in time,
And in the life that does remain ;
Thus, for both worlds, make life sublime.
To live in the name of such truth,
And in such a faith and hope,
They gave up friends and means, forsooth—
All that to worldly prospects ope.
The new truth seems of value more,
Than gold. They would prefer to see
The world fully empty of its store,
Than of religion, true and free.
Thus being cut off from every friend,
And from society cut loose ;
From scenes and pleasures these attend,—
What's made for show more than for use,
They daily to the temple went—
The nature-temple, built by God,
And there, their pious hours spent
In tracing Him along the sod ;
And sending up their silent prayers
Mixed with the sunbeams and the moon-
beams ;

Twice every day this joy was theirs—
  Did nature pour its blissful gleams.
A service such, we seldom see,—
  So very much to see amiss,—
It was not sheer formality,
  But full of joy and glowing bliss.
When recently this woman died,
  And was of course young woman still;
Oh ! Thou all merciful ! she cried,
  As Death came to his work fulfill.

The great man after quaint comment,
  As touching this most brilliant case,
And got his diapason bent
  To reach an altitude of praise—
His voice, the thrilling notes outrung :
  The noblest *Christianity!*
Is but the pagan harp restrung !
  And tuned for grander symphony.

'Tis good to find this small concession,—
  Thought Christianity was doomed !
What by the force of grand expression,

And by the facts that have uploomed.
It looked as if it was supplanted
By recent miracles of grace;
In nature, found all that is wanted;—
And, still, it almost seems the case,
For, further on, he takes away,
What would appear at present given;
Makes nature show the brighter ray—
The better, safer way to heaven.

Says rarely in the church is found
Such blessed peace in God, above,
As in these pagans did abound
Born of the landscape and the grove.
And then, he gives another thrust,
At orthodoxy, which he blames
For keeping Christians in the dust,
And blocking hearts with massive frames,
That stops the soul from active play,
Debars the poetry divine;
With God—communion sweeps away—
No triumphs to their death incline.

And here he further does proceed
To urge that this Soudamini ;—
For that's the name of this pure breed
Max Müller makes to rank so high—
That she but shames the Christian type,
The best the present age can give ;
There's none so spiritually ripe
That in America now live.
That all who've read the flow'ry story
Max Müller does so finely tell,
Must to the pagan give the glory
In spontaneity of swell.

And thus he does in truth conclude,
Of all who have this story read,
Must, Christians make, a common brood,
Compared with this illustrious dead.

Says this inferiority
On truth's defects, we must not blame ;
Christ was in the majority,—
With Greeks, and Hindoos, one became.
Had they lived in the Saviour's time—

The pagans, that we just have noted
They would have figured all sublime—
The Saviour would have on them doted.
Epictetus, would been his choice
And taken place of good St. John ;
Soudamini, with sweetest voice,
As foremost Mary, would have shone :

This great inferiority
Of English-speaking saints to-day;—
I speak now with authority
And mean all that I firmly say—
It must be charged to this great fact,—
Religion they do not possess
That holds the higher traits intact,—
Living and dying righteousness ;
Religion brilliant with the hues
Of time and immortality,—
But for such treasure, tangled clues
As taught by church theology,
From Genesis, which starts the book
To its apocalyptic end,

To keep in order as to look
And every word from foes defend,
Takes all the lifetime of a man
To work out such an awkward plan :

Christians have been like ancient nations
Who to protect their border-line
Have spent their wealth of men and rations
Invading foes to undermine.
The standing army drew the food
That to the home did comfort lend,
And so the church has lost the good,
By border-lines it did defend.
It's known few hours, when, it could sit
Down in the world in proper peace,
Enjoying riches brought to it,
Which cost such fighting to release.

And, then, he says : When we perceive
The church's present tendency
To orthodox opinion leave,
As to old-timed theology,
And treat the Scriptures, one and all,

As native of the earthly clime,—
Counting the teachings of St. Paul
But just peculiar to his time—
We must with boldness face the fact
That's looming in the distant near,
When churches all, with Bible sacked
Must throw it to the distant rear ;
When Testaments, both old and new,
Forever must be swept away,
With all the notions that outgrew
About what *Heaven* had to say ;—
When, it's made human history
Of one of earth's divinest sons,
Which will upset the mystery
Of godliness, that through it runs.
In that day Jesus will go on,
With the religious destiny,
With which he came mankind to don,
And not to blind with mystery—
When the authority of reason
Will occupy a proper place,—
With inspiration out of season,

And absolutism out the race.—
Migration, will so easy come,
So gradually make its way,
That imperceptibly the room
Will have exchanged from night to day ;
The church will never know the time—
The year, the month, the day, the hour,
Or, where—the regained—Eden clime
Has got the reconstructing power.

And thus, this great and learned man
Keeps prophesying nought but good ;
Ignores the simple gospel plan—
Salvation through atoning blood—
Could any person have supposed,
With ordinary common sense,
A man who is for lore a host,
Could still as dunce be so immense?
Where could the simpleton be found
That would presume to take this text—
Pretending gravely it is sound,—
And, then, support, as here annext?

When Jesus was great truths presenting
Of which no "jot or tittle fail,"
This man makes him appear assenting
The law and prophets to unrail.
And to oblivion consigns
The Bible as old human trash,
And sees it nearing the confines
Of where it must to darkness dash.

What empty blarney to the Lord,
If we can so ourselves express;
With what smooth guile he treats His word,
While tramping down His righteousness,
And holding thus, to public scorn,
Emanuel! the Son of God!
Down from His glorious person torn,
All that can constitute Him Lord.

If Jesus was a mere man,
What sort of figure would he cut,
By acting on a highborn plan
And never using if or but?

A poor half-fed workingman,
Without a place to put his head,
Down under civil, social ban,
And from all worldly power unwed—
Yet standing in a public place
And speaking as a mighty prince;
As if he would command the race,
And would in time all men convince—
Saying, "I came not to destroy
But to fulfill" my Father's will:
To simply thus myself employ,
To all that's written to fulfill.

What insolence it would have been,
After an exhibition such,
To, in a galling tone, and mean,
Their sympathetic natures touch;
Pretending to be meek and mild,
After such vain pretentious show;
Lowly of heart as any child—
Still claiming heaven's mind to know;
To ask them for to come to *him*

For anything that they might want—
When there was not the barest skim
Of aught to see he had to grant?

If he was but a mere man,
He is the most unreadable—
Of any formed on human plan;
And, also, most incredible.

The great man owns, the Saviour true,
Some further on in his discourse—
No language, dead or living, knew
The mighty truths he did enforce.
Says, Christ brought truth, and brought emotion,
He painted like an artist fine;
Supplied the reason and the notion,
That did to social bliss incline:
He said, unto the Deity,
With famous good Epictetus—
Has Thy will not been done by me?
My poverty, did I discuss?
Have I not met Thee with a smile?

And, if Thou askest me to die—
Even, in that cross-cursed style—
Should I e'en ask the reason why?
Yes, I will go, with thanks to Thee,
For all the years I have been here.—
So like Epictetus, we see—
So solid, faithful and sincere;
And, like Soudamini, as well
Where, we his full expressions cull—
Exclaiming at death's serging swell—
My God! Oh, Thou all merciful!
Then, clinches with a mighty force,
That pagans and true Christians stand,
Where they each other may indorse,
And hold each other by the hand.

Says sure He came not to destroy
Such kneeling forms as pagans are!
But, rather, on their way upbuoy,
And thus for heaven them prepare.
'Tis easier far, for us to lead,
To heaven, souls that are 'most there;

Already feeding on the mead,—
Already under saving care.

From this he shows how true Christ is,
His sentiments as ranking high :
" He is so like Epictetus !
And so much like Soudamini.

But how can he be truthful, when,
He claimed to be the Lord forsooth ?
If he was only man with men,
How do we reconcile such truth ?
There is no getting round the fact,
That He, distinctly, godhead claimed ;
And, held it to the last intact,—
Ought less, by Him, was never named.
Claimed that the Scriptures all referred
To Him—and to himself alone ;
That they had only to be heard,
And everywhere He would be shown.
" Search well the Scripture, for ye think
In them ye have eternal life " ;—

You'll find their testimonies link
With me, on all their pages rife.

Then, where's the truthfulness of claim
If Scripture's human history—
All localized to place and name
And free from future mystery?
Why should he thus such airs employ,
And speak of matters that are *nil;*
Saying "I came not to destroy—
But Father's purpose to fulfill."
If there was nothing to fulfill—
Then, why should he pretend there was?
And where's the truthfulness, that will
Make something of an empty cause?

Now let us follow out the thought,
And see what else he dared to claim;
The arrogance, that was outbrought!—
If all was human, to his name:—
We have not time with Eve to deal,
As to her sin, and what was said—

The serpent—how it bruised her heel,
  Her seed—how it would bruse his head.
Nor can we stay with Abraham,
  And note the promises to him,
Which did a mighty faith undam
  In which his progeny could swim.
Nor with the other patriarchs
  Where promise after promise came,
To which they did affix their marks,
  And some in blood ! did write the name.
Nor with the types and shadows wait,
  That pointed some great antitype ;
Nor with the prophets hold debate
  As to the person they did pipe.
Nor with the angels at his birth
  As they the glorious anthem sung ;
Announced Him, Son of God, on earth,
  As they their every harp upstrung.
Nor even with the Holy Ghost
  As to the meaning, " My belov'd "—
The voice from heaven the Son did boast,
  As on his head the Spirit doved.

Nor with the angels' during life
Who owned him as their Chief and Lord ;
Observed the *human*, torn by strife,
And did their kindly aid afford.
Nor with the angels from below—
The demons from the lower clime,
Who, as their God, did really know,
And dreaded, even at that time.
Nor will we stay to note his acts,
By which he does support the truth—
But just observe some stated facts,
That made their way out of his mouth.

Now, when he was but twelve years old,
As father, Joseph did disclaim ;
In language strange, but firm and bold,
Claimed Father, of a higher name.
His parents might not fully know,
Just get exactly on his scent ;—
But, Mary, knew enough to show,
It was not Joseph, that he meant.
But, when the time was fully ripe,

That he should start upon his work,
He printed with the largest type,
And did his higher self unlurk.

In that truth-searching conversation,
When Nicodemus made a visit,
He sounds the note of his high station—
And makes the matter most explicit.
He claimed to be the Son of God,
And Saviour of a ruined world ;
God-sent, they must believe his word,
Or else, to hell they would be hurled ;
That he was not sent to condemn,
But that the world through him be saved.
As human, how we must contemn
A person, thus, who wildly raved.

And, yet, we find this learned man,—
This Nicodemus, prove his friend ;
He clearly did endorse the plan,
For he stuck to him to the end.
And surely he could better judge
Than people of the present age,

Whose high-toned learning will not budge,
Though ciphers show on every page.
The conversation, it was long,
And every vital matter sounded ;
Christ's arguments appeared so strong ;
That Nicodemus' faith was grounded.

He, in another place, makes claim,—
To him—delivered are all things ;
His Father doth in him all name—
Being only Son of *King* of kings.
No man knoweth who the Son is
But the Father ; and no man knows
The Father save this Son of His,
And he to whom the Son Him shows.

This is strange language for to use,
If but an ordinary man ;
It almost would an ass amuse,
If it but skirts a human plan.
"Before Abraham was, I Am."
But Abe was twenty centuries dead !
Unless he counted him a sham,—

What could he mean by what he said?
Says, plainly in another place—
I and my Father are one;
And to a sinner when he prays,—
Ask Father, in the name of Son,
For I'm the way, the truth, the life,
No man comes to Him but by me;
All worldly movements, futile strife,
Unless this simple truth you see.
And thus, as Son of God, he Lords it,
And treads it down with even trod;
As God, as well as man, he *words* it,
And stamps it in that he is God.

And will a church consider this
But simple human history?
The church that thus may seek its bliss
Gets further still in mystery.

Then as regards salvation's plan,
He says, "He that believes on *me*,
Hath *now* eternal life." This *man*,
Doth open heaven, and make it free.

And again, "I'm in the Father,
And you, my saved ones, are in me,
And I in you." Think not the rather
Otherwise, because ye cannot see,—
Because ye now cannot all know;
Most surely ye shall know hereafter;
Just walk, by faith, the way I go—
And then your mourning shall be laughter.
Let not your heavy hearts be troubled—
Believe in God! also in me;
Your pain and grief will then have bubbled,
To sink beneath the softest sea.
In my Father's house are many mansions,
If not so sure I would have told you—
Not here, to lend to hope expansions,
And in the end but only sold you.
I go to prepare a place for you,
And sure as I prepare a place,
I'll come again—as God is true—
And see my saved ones face to face;
And then receive them to myself,
That where I am, there they may be,

To live from off the highest shelf
That's furnished in eternity.

Sometimes he spoke just as a man,
For man, complete, he really was ;
If it but touched his *human* plan—
Went not above an earthly cause ;
Thus, when he said,—Foxes have holes,
The tiny bird, a cozy nest,
The Son of man, no place controls
Where He his weary head may rest.
But, when advising on the soul,
And speaking of eternal things ;—
Its value as the human whole,
As earth to earth, but only clings,
Then, He as God, opens his mouth,
And speaks like one his subject knows ;
Gives it as safe and settled truth,
Leaving no room for hedging foes—
Thus, when—He speaks in gravest terms—
The Son of man will come in glory
Such as his God-owned might confirms,

To clinch the simple gospel story ;
With holy angels at his call,
And sitting on His throne of glory,
While nations bowed before Him fall
To learn the end of this great story !
He will divide as sheep from goats,
Give every man his right-earned place ;
Below—who but the story rotes—
Above, the simple sons of grace.

Most ignorant people may discern
When he as man, or God, doth speak,
If they but listen for to learn,
And not outlandish meanings seek.
The simplest person surely knows
When man or office speaks the words
The first, respect he little shows,
Unless it with the last accords.
It is but with the blessed word
That to the future so belongs,
That men their bluffing can afford,
And sing their independent songs ;

Because they see no present sign
  Boding a lengthy punishment,
To clearest breach of law incline,
  While on gross willful ways intent.

And, now, we claim that he is God!
  Upon his word as positived;
Or else, we claim upon his word,
  The greatest fraud that ever lived.
Now, how shall we this thing adjust—
  There are no two ways to this thing;
The whole must crumble in the dust,
  Or Jesus is both God and King.
This must be clear to all who think,
  To all who wish to know the truth;
He springs the living fountain drink,
  Or makes the future worse forsooth.
He took the little hope away
  The world could pin its prospects to,
And leaves it in the woods astray
  To wander blindfold, through and through;
The types and shadows that foretold

Some great deliverer would appear,—
The dispensation that, of old,
For centuries long did millions cheer ;
So if he left naught in its place,—
Which he has not, if but a man,
Then, sink the name in deep disgrace—
Nor ever own in any plan.

The learned man says—He is true—
Speaks greatest truths to language known ;
Then, He is God, without ado—
For that he has most clearly shown ;
And, being God, the Scriptures are
Not faulty human history,—
But Revelations from afar,
Which brighten gospel mystery.
And, make us easier understand
No "jot or tittle" there can pass,
But every promise and command
Is stamped by heaven's stamp first-class.

And this is where the Christian gets
His solid ground to stand upon ;

However human thought besets
It cannot move him where he's on.
'Tis here, he gets his hope and joy,
'Tis here, his heart has perfect rest ;
'Tis here, his soul seeks sweet employ,
'Tis here, he gets his holy zest ;
'Tis here, he finds the warmest words
When worldly things are comfortless ;
'Tis now, he proves the truth is God's,
Which stamps his *vital godliness.*

There is no vital godliness
Unless it comes from out God's truth ;
If Scriptures are a human mess,
Then, we are worse than hogs, foresooth ;
For they can have the best of times
And wallow on—no future blinks—
But something in our nature rhymes
With which our future strangely links ;
And it is but the thickest head
That would a future disbelieve,

Or else, the hardest heart instead
That plainest facts cannot receive.

'Tis plain to men of meanest minds,
That vital godliness exists;
The way they view it often blinds,
But, still, it shows through darkest mists.
Most ignorant that we can find,
They have their standard godliness,
By which they measure *Christian* kind,
And make them either more or less.

It is an ideal righteousness
Which has its root in Christian faith;
A sort of Holy Ghost impress,
That speaks for God, and what he saith.
And is enough, in any case,
To lead a man to seek the truth;
Desire to find the higher grace,
That he in some way owns, forsooth.
He could not measure others so,
Unless, he had some distinct view,
Of what strict rectitude should show,

To constitute the good and true.
And this will be Jehovah's line,
By which he'll measure at the last,
When truth will in its brightness shine,
And false delusion overcast.

They never place this measure line
Against a man of worldly views;
He may to good or bad incline,
And do just as he seems to choose.
They may condemn him as a man,
And make him mean, or funny fellow;
But further, they possess no plan,
Save punching, or a punchinello.
But when a man as Christian shows,
And poses as a child of God,
Then, up the standard measure goes,
And, every step watched, on his trod;
The slightest flaw, or zigzag move,
Is seen and noted by the world;
The measure shows an untrue groove,
The thing looks crooked or is curled.

Where does the world obtain this measure,
This standard measure as to right?
Not from the vaults of earthly treasure,
Its wisdom, learning, social light.
It has come with the Christian sheen,—
And with fair civilization spread;
Almost instinctive, now, as seen,
Though seldom, gets beyond the head.
Yes, it is there, and there doth rest,
A perfect standard, right and true;
The outward, it may fairly test,
But that's the most that it can do;
By God the other must be meted;
And though He use the self-same measure—
He knows what in the heart is seated,
And how to estimate true treasure;—
For words, and acts, and outside things,
But oft belie the inner state;
The good or bad the shadow flings,—
But God, alone, can estimate.
The things to us so clear and bright,—
So fair and good to look upon,—

To Him, may be as black as night,
And waiting for his curse to don ;
And those which seem reverse of right,
And to invite our censure on,—
That struggling heart, for power and light,
Will meet the Saviour's sweet " Well done.'

But, this plain standard measure here
Which worldlings do so aptly use,
But speaks a truth the heart to cheer,
And to the faithful life infuse.
It shows dark sinners own the right,
In theory, if in nothing more ;
Give credit to the higher light,—
Though doubt the *owners* of such store—
They may say : " There's a Christian sham !
There, is a low, mean hypocrite ! "
But that but speaks the " Great I Am,"—
And stamps his word as holy writ.
The fact of there being hypocrites,
But speaks the Truth of God enjoined,—

Just as the passing counterfeits,
The sterling currency that's coined.

But then, perhaps the preacher means,
The ethics that the Saviour taught,
When He so from his teachings gleans,
The greatest truths that has been brought;
And, hence, but puts him somewhere down,—
Although somewhat a wee ahead,
With men of Plato's high renown,
And lists him with illustrious dead.

We grant that he is right in this,
That is, so far as ethics go;
The world ne'er knew such social bliss
Till Jesus did the method show.
And, though the Jews possessed the best
Of men, and writings for to scan,—
In honest moments they confest—
"None ever spake as did this man."

Now can we for a moment think,
That He who was so good and true,

And sought the race in love to link—
By doing as would be done to;
That taught so many useful truths
That harmonize with social good,—
The wisdom earthly trouble soothes
And puts the life in better mood,—
That He would then his friends deceive
On the great matter of the soul?—
Profess, himself, he could relieve,
And worlds of trouble all uproll;
That while he thus as teacher taught
Would teach these truths as being his own—
Urging from heaven he had brought,
And must be had through him alone—
Thus, take advantage mean and low,
Of natural proclivities,
And set their feelings all aglow
On futile hope's activities;
And, have them running hither and thither,
And telling stupid, foolish tales,
Until all earthly prospects wither
And courted death itself assails;

And that he'd choose himself to die
  Rather than yield a word he said ;
Would shed his blood to shield a lie,
  And have the untruth widely spread ?

We're driven to thus fell conclusion,
  If we make him a mere man ;
We must not hedge behind delusion,
  But own the one or other plan.
And if we make him mere man,
  The Bible's human history ;—
And thus, are back where we began—
  But deeper into mystery.

But if he is a mere man,—
  And consequently base deceiver—
Why not submerge beneath the ban
  As meanest fabrication weaver ?
And why our great men take the *mottoes*
  From anything that he has said ?
Why not go to Platonian grottoes
  And give us classic texts instead,

From Solon, Plato, Socrates,
Or Julius Cæsar, Cicero ;
Or any other they may please
That seems to have an honest flow.
Or why go back two thousand years?--
The world is wiser now than then ;
Why not throw to the wind their fears
And take their stand like honest men.
Say—"Look at me ! I'm speaking now !
I really ought to know something ;
More than the ages past, I vow—
And now myself, I give the *swing*."

Why utilize these stupid hymns
That speak this Jesus, all in all?
That round his head a halo rims,
See angels at his footstool fall ;
Don him with every quality
The God of glory does possess,
And unto all eternity
Found on his name all blessedness,
That never own the helpless thought—

The Bible's *human history;*
Nor to the wisest offer ought
Instead of gospel mystery?
These hymns are surely *orthodox*,
And like their framers must be wrong;
Their tendency is toward the stocks—
To fetter reason, firm and strong.

Now, as it would appear as shown,
That vital godliness exists,
Which, through God's truth is only known,
As it dispels all mental mists,
And brings in view the higher light
Which through the truth does radiate,
Showing the way to God and right
And guiding from a fallen fate,
We may now further here assert,
Unless this truth is owned as such—
No godliness will be alert,
That would a different medium touch.
So that, to say, the Bible shows
But history of the human race—

Shows nought above, what earth bestows—
Refers to only earthly grace—
Speaks for another fact indeed—
That he who does this mind possess,
And urges others thus to heed,
Knows nought of vital godliness.
This follows as the night the day
And shows him in the clearest light,
Leaves little doubt he's far astray,
And wandering in the blackest night.

And, here we wish to firmly say,
Without this vital godliness,
No one need hope to see the day
When he will heavenly bliss possess.
This godliness—or, God-likeness,
Can only be but of one kind,—
The spirit form, it does possess—
A holy, pure and loving mind.

We call it "*vital* godliness,"
To give more force to the expression,
But "*godliness*," it means no less!

Means, having God in our possession.
There is no godliness exists
Where God does not both dwell and guide;
At best, a steering through the mists
That human reason does provide.
And thus, St. Paul, in writing to
Young Timothy, his gospel son,—
Advises him to hold what's true,
And preach the grace by Jesus won:—

"If thou but to the truth take heed,—
And put in mind those in thy care,—
Thou shalt do Jesus' work indeed,
And all His blessed word declare.
Refuse, as silly and profane,
Those old wives' fables that are told,
And let thy exercising strain
Be to fair godliness unfold;
For all this bodily exercise
Through promptings of the human heart,
Bring little as a present prize,
And nothing as a future part.

But godliness is full of gain,
With promise now, and after this ;
All needs to earthly life sustain,
And heaven for its future bliss.

So, even in these early days,
St. Paul, young Timothy, doth guard,
Against the mean deceitful ways
Of heretics, that truth discard ;
That seek to feed with *old wives' fables*,
Thus satisfy a hungry soul ;
On God himself would turn the tables
To force the stuff they have to dole ;
And thus, in fact, reminding us,
As to the present learned cry
About the great Epictetus,—
The greater still Soudamini.

Perhaps, this good Epictetus,
Was one most highly held up then,
For he was neither more nor less
Than one of earth's great learned men ;
And round his name the fame had gone

All magnified by good "old wives,"
Till big enough to preach upon,—
On which, perhaps, some staked their lives
And, as St. Paul, was writing for
The times, in which he lived, alone,
And ran Epictetus ashore
In spite of what "old wives" might own,
We must, ourselves, most compliment,
That we Soudamini have left—
In spite of Paul with his descent—
Of whom we cannot be bereft.

We have Soudamini much later,
Her generation, weaker, wiser;
She than Epictetus is greater,—
And we might wrong her to despise her.
So, if Epictetus must go,
We may retain Soudamini,—
On her our ardent love bestow—
If necessary, for her die.

St. Paul though "speaking for his time,"
Spoke very firmly when he spoke;

Submerging controversy's chime
He from all doubtful language broke.
In speaking of the mystery
Of this great unique godliness,
Six items in its history
He states it does in fact possess;
And first in order does assert
That God in flesh was manifest;
No mystery must this truth avert,
It is the only Christian test;
No spirit life is in the soul
Without this spirit basis thus,
This fact, it rounds and makes the whole—
"Immanuel!—that's God with us."
In spirit He was justified —
Of angels seen — First told the story —
To Gentiles preached — To none denied —
Received! Believed! then up to glory.

And if what Jesus said was true,
Of people, there are but two kinds:
They, that the Godlike seek to do,

They, who their sin but only blind.
He does not sinners try to grade
And promise suited states above ;
He cuts all with the sharpest blade
If they object the narrow grove.
They must go through that straight, straight gate,
They must walk in the narrow way ;
Must doff themselves of every weight
And hurry on without delay —
No time to dally with the world,
No time for worldly compromise ;
By looking round, are tripped and twirled,
And in the end but lose the prize.
Of righteous and unrighteous spoke,
Of godly and ungodly, too —
Believers, unbelieving folk,
Of really truthful and untrue ;
He spoke of wheat and spoke of tares ;
He spoke of sheep and spoke of goats ;
Of virgins wise ; those unawares ;
But more than two kinds never notes.

What sense from this can we derive,
If everybody is alike?
Why need we run? why need we strive?
If nothing does our future dyke?
Why talk so much about two kinds
If there is really only one?
Such teaching mixes anxious minds,
Makes honest hearers all begone.
They make no sense of what is said,
Shut up within the darkest doubt;
There's no way to His statements thread,
Or from the labyrith get out.

We think there must be something in it,
Or else the Saviour seems most strange,
And would advise who wish to win it,
By his plain statements life arrange;
And be not cheated by the wise —
The worldly wise, with carnal hearts;
They in their hearts God's truth despise —
Though they may seem to own some parts.
Let such go seeking *present* time,

And staking all on earthly bliss ;
Are blindfold — hoping things to rhyme,
When they the Son do never kiss.
Thus far, perhaps, we've said enough,
For all who do not court the elves ;
For more, to show—men's empty stuff—
What fools the learn'd make of themselves,
Just read the blessed word of God
With calm and true believing heart,
And see how God will light afford
And all its higher sense impart.

This mighty man, the church includes,
Because a few hold mean opinions ;—
The church makes party to the feuds
Of heretic, unworthy minions ;
Men, who have hedged behind its shade,
To have an easy, lazy life ;—
Through learning's pleasures sweetly wade,
Free from earth's care, and toil and strife ;
Who, cultivate the lofty thought,

Of high-toned popularity,—
To take their place as men of note—
Broad minds, new thought, wide charity ;
Whose great ambition has its stake—
How best to make this world a home,
Whose souls have never got awake,
As to the greater world to come.

Still some of them have taken place
And pose as if they knew it all ;
Most people at them vaguely gaze,
And think them right the way they brawl.
When these men see they have attention,
Which they will have from certain sources,
Whatever stupid thing they mention
They place behind all lingual forces ;
But they need not be so elated
Because the populace applaud
'Tis something sometimes to be hated
Especially when it lauds a fraud.
It is no sign a man is right,
Or even that a man is clever—

Because some gobble him at sight
And cease to talk about him never.

It is not many years ago,
Two men on ocean steamer met ;
Same country they were coming fro
Which did a closeness soon beget.
They landed somewhere in the east,
When they did strike this country's shore ;
Did walk, converse, together feast—
Like brothers seem'd—yea, even more.
One was commercial traveler,
Upon a most extensive tour ;
Lined pockets, with unraveler,
That most entanglements can cure.
His friend was one who posed physician,
With airs of one pretension mocks ;
Part magic mixed into his mission,
And held some bonds in airy stocks.
Was full of jokes and grining smiles,
And civil—full of kind attention ;
Had cunning, to seclude his wiles,

And sugar-coat the lies he'd mention.
His generous friend advanced him money,
Upon such mean security ;
And saw him right for bread and honey,
As if on pledged annuity.

They wended to a western city,
Were seen as chums, from time to time ;
Were always jolly, good and gritty,
And sportive in the distant clime.
Not many days had passed away
When doctor seemed in mighty bustle ;
His friend, had left the previous day,
And now, to go himself, must hustle.
His friend, of course, again will come,
When he has got his business o'er ;
His trunk is waiting in his room
But he is on a business tour.
And so the doctor leaves in glory—
All English, in a Frenchman's guise ;
For present use his flowing story
Helps to protect himself, and prize.

But in, say ten or dozen days,
Where they had stayed as their hotel,
Servants were driven from the place
By such an awful, sickening smell.
It, soon was traced to that same room
Where the commercial had his trunk ;
The bedroom door, it met its doom,
Which made it plain where hid the skunk.
The odor, porters drove apace,
They rush as in a beating storm ;
The fasten'd lid, they soon displace,
But to expose a mangled form.
There, mutilated, is a man,
A young man, like the doctor's friend,
Crushed in the trunk, in rudest plan,
Which shows how he had met his end.
This, the commercial brought to mind,
And also, too, the other's bustle ;
All thoughts, toward doctor were inclined,
And to the way he seemed to hustle.
The city was in great commotion
About the sickening, awful news ;

It claimed first place in every notion—
Served weeks for spinning yarns and clews.

The doctor left prints of his trail,
Authorities they traced his track ;
But, for a distant port set sail,
Before they caught to bring him back :
Still fleeting electricity
Outstepped the steamer steed he rode ;
With all his timed duplicity,
Was back to face the episode.

He was confronted with the charge,
And as a doctor made excuse ;
" Dose gave of chloroform too large—
And, hue and cry ! what was the use ?
He was a stranger in the city,
Knew nothing of the country's laws,
And though his heart was wrung with pity
That would not save him from its claws.
The only thing that he could do
Was now to make a foreign shore,
The quickest way the country through,

As here, safe keeping was no more ;
And, as the man was really dead,
And put away, though somewhat funny—
'Twas better him to take, instead,
Than leave behind, such things as money."

And, strange indeed, it is to say,
This man had many sympathizers ;
Because in jail, they thought foul play—
They felt, almost, like law despisers.
They thought the man had made a case
To satisfy the most fastidious,
And to impugn his kindly ways
It was because themselves were hideous.
He'd done his best to help his friend,
And get him through a painful spell ;
And if he'd blundered in the end
Why send him after him pell-mell ?

He had his trial—was condemned,
As evidence seemed bright and clear,
But technicalities things hemmed—
Thus leasing life from year to year.

Of course, at last, things got to where
The tallest fellow had to speak ;
He spoke—and what he did declare—
But circumscribed the doctor squeak.

He stayed in prison several years—
Nor did he seem to feel his crime ;
Nor was he ever seen in tears—
Because he had a splendid time.
For notwithstanding this base act,
Was catered to, as if a lord ;
Had all that he could wish, in fact,
Save what his freedom might afford.
And had the good opinion too
Of very many silly folks
Who seemed of him to make ado,
And prized his little stupid jokes.

Now this presents a murder case
Where but the body was destroyed ;
Plain to be seen the dearth of grace
And yet how some appear decoyed.
So plain to simple, unwarped minds,

The truth appeared at every turn ;
Yet, to a many wearing blinds,
The treatment caused a morbid burn.
But oh ! how triffling the mistake
Arising from a transient course,
Compared with that so many make
As to Jehovah's lasting laws.

How ! as to ever-precious souls,
Who, by the thousand are being lost ;
Being pointed to uncertain goals,
Are ever by their follies tossed ;
Who never learn the way of peace
That comes by way of saving blood ;
Who never find from sin release,
By trusting in the Son of God.
Are sacrificed for worldly gain,—
Souls bartered for the good of earth ;
Their selfish objects to maintain,
Care nothing what a soul is worth.
They chloroform half-waked souls
And put them back in deadly sleep

Until the doleful tinkling tolls
That calls them to an endless deep.
What fatal errors do exist;
What empty platitudes put forth;
Soul-murderous, on their stuff insist,
And choke the hungry souls with earth.
Yet, popularity pursues
The very men who cater thus,
While public notice does refuse
Plain gospel, which the true discuss.
Oh yes, how many cater but
To proudly take the public gaze;
Both soul and body, keenly put
In exercise for such a race.

The worldling is no wonder here—
That's all the glory that he knows,—
But Christ-called, rather ought to fear
Than cater what the world bestows.
And when we see some ministers
Are throwing to the world a bait,
And acting more like sinisters

Who at a gambling table wait,
To gain a notoriety,
But at the cost of Him they serve,
Seems sad case of propriety,
And sadder still of galling nerve.

To take the few that thus appear
Against the many noble preachers,
Who to their Master's cause adhere—
In what He taught, are honest teachers,
And mix them with the renegades
Who can but represent the elves,
Is but to lend the hand that aids—
And speaks to be but of themselves.
And, then, to draw the strange conclusion
Church orthodox, is to the dogs,
When it is but a wild delusion
Of one that's deeply in the fogs.
Well say, because of suicides,
The world will soon be at an end ;—
But, it increases, and abides,
However men and matters tend.

And, men may come, and men may go—
God's truth it ever will endure ;
And will to after ages show
The way to Him, both plain and sure.

Sometimes, the church has to turn kicker,
And kick the kicker out its fold,
When he insists on being a sticker,
While passing still his spurious gold.
If we are not, by far, mistaken,
It was the case with the professor ;
He frizzled with his rancid bacon,
Till he became a dispossessor.
But so it is ! the kindly world
But wait's to drink the water skim ;
Soon as the church has outside hurled,
With mouth wide-open gobbles him.
Supported by the world *élite*,
Commercial gamblers, money sharks,
Who six days in the week compete—
The seventh, show some honest marks,
By giving to the Lord a share,

Or to the devil part his own,
And, thus, far up above prepare,
Or, far beneath, where better known,

The thick end of society.
Is like a vapor, thin and loose;
Fond of extensive piety
That does embrace, all it may choose.
And if a comet should be found
Whose orbit reaches *easy grace*,
As Nebula, it tails around—
And off into the unknown space.
So these aspiring men we find
Of whom the world makes so much boast
And are to public praise inclined—
To figure in the world a host,
They cannot sooner this achieve
Than follow out this certain rule,—
Just let it as it likes believe,
And to the same become a tool.

If these men take our Bible thus
And make it history of the world,

Then, we have nothing left to us,
Than to be by their wisdom twirled.
And since, of God we nothing know
But what comes through the sacred word,
As ancient heathens we must go
Without a guide—without the Lord.
With all the learning of the Greeks
We know how Paul this people found;
That *altar*, for their knowledge, speaks,—
Will to the latest days resound!
With all their gods, there was another,
That altar, sure—but strangely spoke—
But, as to knowledge gave no other
Than savored of an *unknown* yoke.

Their greatest men had lived before
St. Paul had ever there been seen;—
And here, we have the splendid store
Of all the wisest that had been.
The best that they could bring to light,
As squeezed from out the cranium pod,
Was for to point through heathen night,

To contemplate an "*unknown* God."
St. Paul, he told these learned Greeks,
That he could show this "*unknown* God;"
And, then, in clearest language speaks,
And shows Him through the blessed word.
But when he pressed the vital parts,
And showed how knowledge was attained,
They turned away their stupid hearts,
And mocking,—in their sins remained.
A few the truth did reach, indeed—
The knowledge, to their hearts, appeared;
From sin and self, at once were freed,
And to the gracious cause adhered.

And have we reason to believe
That we, would now, know more than they,
Without the Scriptures to achieve
The knowledge that we have to-day?—
Perhaps, as far as talent goes,
The greatest men the world has seen,
Had passed along its tidal flows
Before the Saviour here had been.

So that the world was fairly tried
As to the lifting of its lot ;
But, it to betterness more died—
Conversely, rather, how it got.
Now, if we, of God's truths make light,
And take our stock in human lore,
Then back we are into the night,—
Than Christless pagans know no more ;
Are leveled down to atheists ;
May count the universe of chance ;
Deep in bewilderment and mists—
Beyond the grave, make no advance.

Then eulogize the bouncing Bobs
The Huxleys, Tyndalls and the like ;
All ministers are put up jobs—
There is no future blow can strike ;
Then, why support the craven class,
That live by such intense deceit?
The people should arise *en masse*,
And make their clearance sheets complete.

This calls to mind — Some years ago
There was a spunky sparring match ;
The clergy poured their blow on blow
That modern Tom Paine they might scratch.
They went upon him like a host,
And each in turn did take a fling ;
No doubt he laughed, to think that most
With such blunt arrows tried to wing.
Men, self-confessed, did not believe,
The sacred word they would defend ;
A conquest thought they might achieve
By that small part they did commend.
They never seemed to stop and think
How much they were like him they fought ;
How much in common did them link
When to the bottom things were wrought.
For as we did the matter scan,
And in our humble way discern —
It seemed the sutty frying-pan,
To kettle calling — grimy stern !
The one lets go the solid chain ;
The other drops important links,

Till really what there does remain
With its own gravitation sinks.

There's Collyer, with a happy ring,
Owns valued brothers on the job ;
His brother Thomas ! brother Swing !
But why not own to brother Bob ?
They must be of one family,
Although they differ as to state ;
Same soul-blood consanguinity
Appears their spirits to relate.
The only difference seems to be,
That Bob has got the manly way ;
He's what he is for all to see —
He shows himself in open day —
There's no mistake about the man,
He's readable from first to last,
Does not assume a pious plan,
And still maintain old nature's caste.
And hence, we seem to like the fellow,
Although we do not like his stand :
His tenets clothe as punchinello,

And to our looking fatally brand.
His life is lent to spread of evil,
Observed as through the Bible glass ;
A faithful servant of the devil
Whose cause he carries through with brass.
He may not really know his Master,
Or own a Master in the case,—
But that adds to the sad disaster
And keeps him further still from grace.

And still we think he's far from being
An unmixed evil, after all ;
How many has he set to seeing
The blessed truth he sought to pall.
Yes ! people who had never read
The word he sought so to abuse,
Might by his onslaught style be led
The sacred volume to peruse.
Who knows how much his evil ways
Have been o'errul'd in cause of right ;
And while he would the light displace,
On some it shone with greater light ?—

It is not tenets saves a man,
No matter whether right or wrong,—
Or yet the owning of a plan
That makes a building firm and strong ;
It is conviction's mighty power,
It is the truth as God applies,
That brings the fertilizing shower,
And makes seed germinate and rise.

No doubt, he's doing far more good
To spread the gracious gospel news
Than that hermaphroditic brood
That take a part, the rest refuse.
If all such would be honor bright
And take him as their head and leader,
Then "Truth" would show an unwarped light,
To every hearer,—every reader ;
Obstructions would not break the rays
Of light that from the Bible shine ;
The vilest might obtain the grace
That does a sinful heart refine.

If it is human sense must teach—
  Then, we indeed choose Ingersoll ;
We want no better man to preach—
  However others some extol :
That man, for wisdom, is most wise,
  Who goes in for a happy time ;
Takes all within his reach that lies
  That does not really load with crime ;
He who but lives to merry be
  And make of life a joyous round ;
Makes self and others glad and free,
  And takes all chances underground,—

If time is all we know about,—
  And all beyond is black and blank,—
Then now's the time to have it out,
  For all except a stupid crank.

Nature, indeed, does lessons teach
  That Revelation does endorse ;
United, they a summit reach,

Where faith may gather stronger force.
The glory, nature does set forth,
Is but reflection of its Lord ;
The Gospel, saving men on earth,
Reflects the glories of His word.
'Tis only those who have God's love
Implanted deep within their hearts,
That know what nature goes to prove,
As it God's Fatherhood imparts.
It gives its hand to gracious truth
And proves the changeless cause above ;
Speaks for the words out of His mouth—
Endorses universal love.

But what of him so self-deceived
As to consider it of chance ?
How little that he has received
By which he may his state advance.
What can the skeptic gather here ?
What lessons can it bring for him ?
It carries nought for present cheer—
Presents a future dark and grim—

For if it has this voice sublime,
It speaks the God he does despise;
Suggests a great accounting time
When he this God must recognize.

The young, sweet singer, Israel owned,
That longed for God while keeping sheep;
And who, in after honor throned,
Still longed Jehovah's law to keep,
Knew truth that made his heart to swell
And gave the volume to his voice;
The *truth* that he would gladly tell,
Because it made his heart rejoice.

We see him on that starry night,
While musing on the grassy plains,
Attending to his father's sheep;
True wisdom pours its lucid light,
And outburst forth the pealing strains
That woke the echoes from their sleep;
They answer back that sacred psalm
That warbled through the nightly shades—
Then mounting stars high heaven invades,

To breathe its last in holy calm—
As softly fell a falling tear
That echoed in Jehovah's ear.

At first, it breaks in lofty strains
As he surveys God's vast domains;
Then volumes out in deeper notes,
As written.—Truth directs the thought,
Till he—in soft and solemn mood—
In aspirations to be good,
Implores the stop of sin's dark flood
And only God in *truth* would know.

The echoes that awoke that night
Could never more return to sleep;
From land to land, from deep to deep,
Their echoes and re-echoes, keep
A-sounding forth through absent light—
But only own the force of might
That comes through what God owns as right—
And thus by him all wisdom reap.

His heart with melody attuned,
Floats music on the nightly air;

The astral orbs and planets mooned
  Join chorus by their silent glare :—
The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
  The firmament Thy handiworks ;
Day unto day, the same record—
  Night unto night, where knowledge lurks ;
There is no speech, nor language known
  Where is not heard their silent voice ;
Their line has gone through every zone,
  Their words the universe rejoice ;
In them Thy wisdom found a place—
  A tabernacle for the sun,
Who, bridegroom-like, with gladsome face,
  Starts his diurnal race to run ;
Who, as he spans the vaulted arch,
  And forces distance to the rear,
Distributes blessings in his march
  A hungry, waiting world to cheer.

Then, as the mystic current turns,
  His thoughts ascend the higher sphere ;
A fervent inspiration burns—

That speaks Jehovah sweetly near.
His blessed truth takes deeper hold,
And overflowing fills his soul ;
Discounts the price of earthly gold,—
Gives riches, in themselves, the *whole :*
Perfect, O Lord, are all thy laws,
They do convert the sinful soul :
Thy testimony gently draws
The simple toward true wisdom's goal ;
Thy statutes, Lord, are good and right,
Rejoicing every faithful heart ;
Thy plain commandments—pure as light—
Their lustre to the eyes impart ;
Thy fear endureth ever clean,
Thy judgments altogether right ;
Thy truths obscure the solar sheen
And show the rays but borrowed light.
Far more to be desired are they
Than gold just out refiner's dome ;
And sweeter far,—than blooms of May—
Or honey and the honeycomb.
By them, thy servants warned and guided ;

In keeping them, there's great reward ;
Who, have their secret faults betided—
Can understand, quit, or retard.

Keep back Thy servant blessed Lord
From falling by presumptuous sin ;
To sin, dominion ne'er afford,
Nor let its vicious course begin.
O let the words, out of my mouth,
The meditations of my heart,
Come with acceptance, through Thy truth,
And Him, who does true hope impart !

Thus, nature is as far behind
What revelation does unfold,
As meanest quartz, that we can find
Comes short of finest furnaced gold.
The truth meets longings to the soul
That nature, singly, never meets ;
It makes a broken spirit whole
And minus nature, all completes.
Philosophy may have its place,
And nature may its lessons teach,

But it is only saving grace
That can a sinful deadness reach,
And make the soul start into life
With newborn energy and hope;
Equip it for the earthly strife
With which it then must surely cope.

How self-deceptive is the thought,
That nature has the power to bring
The saving satisfaction sought!—
That, only rests with nature's King—
By whom the worlds, themselves, were made—
Sprang into life at His command;
By Him was earth's foundations laid,
And heaven vaulted by His hand.
The brightness of His Father's glory—
Upholding all things by His strength;
Yet author of Salvation's story
As well as nature's breadth and length.

"By *faith*"—not vain philosophy—
"We understand the worlds were framed,"
That at God's word began to be,

And to their fiery courses flamed.
And by this *faith* we understand
The wondrous facts His words proclaim ;
By *faith* we own His blest command—
By *faith* we rest on Jesus' name.

If human lore must be the spring
At which we quench our thirsty souls ;
If to the bats the Bible fling
And move as human thought controls,
It must come with a different taste
Than what the soul has yet discovered ;
Emerge from out the mazy waste
Where still, and ages long its rovered.
For such are human thoughts and laws,
They like their authors often change ;
All anxious for a new found cause,
Regardless they the old derange.
They ask the world to look at them,
And puts its faith in what they say ;
The world's past wisdom much condemn
And make it oft a hapless play.

In wisdom that our fathers taught,
They asked the world to look at them,
And, as they their solutions brought,
Did former wisdom all contemn.
And so with all the present lights,
The future lights will put them out ;
Show plain the shortness of their sights—
The stupid stuff they talk'd about.
For every age brings something new
To throw a light across the world,
And slaughters what it did pursue,
Which, to oblivion is hurled.

Is this the fount where we must drink,
To satisfy our aching souls ?
To stand upon its risky brink,
And draw from out its dingy holes ?
To poison with this human slop
That does ignore the precious word ?
To famish through a starving crop
Close by the pastures of the Lord ?
Nay ! let us take this certain way—

The way, the Christians told to trod—
Observing what the *word* doth say—
The world, by wisdom, knew not God.
All flesh but as the grasses fade ;
Men's glory—*wisdom*—as its flower ;
God's wisdom, with His truth inlaid,
Will through eternity endure.

And still, some pose as orthodox
Who dare not take a noble stand ;
But get themselves in such a box
Till Scripture truths feel shifting sand.
These wonders of the blessed word
That's God-intended rocks of faith—
That emanated with the Lord
And have their force in "Thus, He saith !"
Are left, and dodged, and shouldered out,
And treated as uncertain things ;
They cater to the world-wise shout,
And heed the evidence it brings.
Yes, ministers of the blessed truth,
id, as 'twere, to truth uphold !

The human voice has closed their mouth—
The voice of God is stale and old.

Do they pretend the faith to have—
"Faith once delivered to the saints,"
Where never once a doubtful wave
The smallest Scripture truth attaints?
Did Peter, Paul, or good St. John,
Or our most blessed Lord, on earth,
Cast any doubt at all upon
The mighty wonders there set forth?
If there was ought to rectify
Our Saviour would have done it then,
To clear away what seemed to lie
Upon the path of honest men.
How does he treat this matter here
And cater to the human mind?—
He puts it on a fatal bier
And buries it with all its kind.
All human thought he does uprail—
Shows faith the place t must be drilled!
"No tittle of God's law shall fail,

Till every word is all fulfilled."
It is no business of delours
When God shall execute His will :
He does not work by days and hours,
And by the lines of human skill.
Leave God to His great will achieve,
Give up the stretch in human scope,
And on the simple truth believe,
There, place your firm, eternal hope.

There's no place for the heart to rest,
To calmly put its weary head,
But on the Saviour's open breast,
And on the blessed words He said :
"Come unto me, thou laden one
And I will give thee ease and rest ;
Just take my yoke and put it on—
My yoke will cure the sin-distressed—
And learn of me, to act thy part,
For I am meek, and lowly, too ;
My yoke will ease thy willing heart,—
My burden, it will help thee through."

Sometimes these preachers get so large,
They found their doctrines on their I's;
All settled views they do discharge,
Regarding matters from the skies;
And all that they can really say,—
"I don't believe that it is so!"
They never seek a certain way,
Though nothing certain they do know.
They only flaunt the negative,
And talk as men immensely wise;
Discarding facts—they seem to live,
Just to a silly ear surprise.

What matter, what such may believe?—
Does it affect the force of truth?—
If all is right we first conceive,—
The man is wisest in his youth.
What he believes is circumscribed,
Within the circle that he knows;
The higher light, that's never bribed,
God on a simple faith bestows.
The man wayfaring need not err

In drinking in the gospel truth,—
The fool—in other matters—share
Salvation's source, in age or youth.
It takes no towering intellects
That ranges scientific planes,
And oft the abstruse intersects
Till God and truth ouse out the brains;
That drifts from God to Nature-god,
And takes its stock in hapless chance,
As on a fenceless, prairie sod,—
Till more than lost in wide expanse:
It takes no high scholastic skill
That circles learning's broader gauge;
Nor metaphysic's deeper drill,—
Not yet quaint wisdom of the sage:
But simple faith is all it needs,
To bring the sunny rays of light,
To show the lack of human creeds,
And lead from out the darkest night;
Light! giving joy, and hope, and peace,
Cemented by a bond of love;

That does from sin's deceit release,
To fill with fullness from above.

The holy man that's taught of God
Makes no vain idol of an I;
You hear him say—"It is the Lord!"
Does acquiesce, with good Eli—
And so in all that God has said,
And so in all that God may do:
Both in the living and the dead—
He sees God's hand as moving through.

The mighty *ego*, when it talks,
And lifts itself by bubble boast,
However much it plumes and stalks—
Just write it down, a simple ghost;
Or if you like, call it a drum
Vibrating through the flimsy air,
That takes all anvils to be dumb
Through its own empty, booming blair.
It struts and stamps and makes a noise,
In truth's fair face, it often flies—
And all it gives as equipoise,

Is but a donkey load of I's ;
It flaunts and flings them all the while
That some return it may expect ;
By force of dint or force of style,
To warp some weaker intellect.

Why do most people shunt the truth ?
Why do so few attempt to think ?
If they but owned God's truth, forsooth,
No strutting boaster could hoodwink,
And hold as he would hold his mules,
By bit and bridle tightly reined,
Then turn them loose as perfect fools—
By stronger brains entirely brained ;
To go and bluster second-hand,
The stuff that they have learned by rote,
Without a reason at command,
Or settled principles of thought.

O shame ! upon a well-taught state,
Too busy far to read God's word !
Who know that they will soon or late,

Be judged by what it does record.
Or, pity ! better be the word––
That they, such love should thus refuse,
And, coolly treat that blessed Lord,
Who brought the blissful saving news.

Where shall we look for solid good ?
For true disciples of the Lord ?
For those who feed on heavenly food,
True Christian lives to Him afford ?
Among the rich ? or 'mong the poor ?
With scholared men, or ignorant ?
With tardy saint ? self-righteous doer ?
Or with these souls that daily pant
For higher and still higher life,
And hold the course in onward strife,
Contending, but yet still pursuing,
Retarded, but still never ruing ;
Who having donned the Master's dress,
And truly love the Master's cause,—
Their light, the sun of righteousness,
Their guide, the Father's blessed laws ;

Their comforter, the Spirit's presence,
Their perfect hope, the Triune essence ;—
Who may be poor, but still are rich ;—
  Who may be sick, but still are well ;
Who may be down as in a ditch,
  And not a note their goodness tell,—
But He who over all bears rule,
  And knows the evil and the good,—
Knows who is wise, and who's the fool,
  And who does as He wills they should,
And holds for such a blessed prize
That will forever fill their eyes ;
Who leads them to the waters still,
Where they can drink their joyous fill—
Renew their strength to urge their way,
To realms of eternal day ?

The last would seem the solid kind,
Most others different, only blind ;
And blinder still, if so can be,
Because they really think they see,—
Yes, some do blindly lead the blind—

The sinful poor, as well as rich—
They round and round the mystic wind,
Till all are fairly in the ditch.

'Tis very sad that public teachers,
Do try themselves to so outreach;
Assuming place as gospel preachers,
And then so little gospel preach.
These men, who pose as great examples,
How oft they show as poorest samples.
Where, really should we hope to find,
The right portrayal of the King?
Would it be fair to look behind
The curtain, to something outbring?
Or shall we take a facial view,
To estimate the depth of good?
Or shall avowal flaunt the cue,
And force its way by hardihood?

We only seek a "certain sound"
That will a sleeping soul arouse;
And help to take a saving bound,
Where it may in the Saviour house.

There sometimes seems a certain sound,
  And then it oft uncertain proves ;
Appears to be a wheeling round
  As if there were no proper grooves.

How oft when pastors take a charge,
  They volunteer a pitching note ;
On what they are themselves, enlarge,
  And vouch the channel of their thought.
Assert with Paul,—a world denied ;
  'Mong men, they nothing mean to know
But Jesus ! and, Him crucified ;
  On Christ, alone, a life bestow.
For credence' sake, most would suppose,
  That what they say is strictly true,
But as the sequel often goes—
  To fully trust—how few—how few,—
For O alas ! For O alas !
  How soon real truth begins to show—
The very man,—the man *en masse !*
  The things of men but cares to know.

They talk of Socrates and Plato,
And any celebrated Greek ;
Of Virgil, Cæsar, Cicero,
Or, any other Roman speak ;
A Milton, Byron, Shakespeare,
A Wellington, a Washington—
And all the great that may be gone—
And all the men that may be here,
That's aiming at a great career,
Are subjects, that they dwell upon :
Of worldly prudence, politics,
And things that keep the world alive ;
Sensationally moulding bricks
To build a name they seem to strive,
But not the name of God's loved Son,
A flimsy name, that men propound !
They pander to the world's well done !—
A leperous crowd, their praises sound.
They pile in heaps their classic lore,
And speak for most an unknown tongue ;
Strike out beyond the common shore
Where few can follow—old or young ;

They seem to preach to air their gifts,
And raise themselves by what they say ;
Use place and talents making shifts,
To proudly prove a taking ray.

Perhaps, no wonder rich folk go
To with untempered mortar daub,--
But struggling people ought to know,
'Tis stuff, that they should from them swab.
When they do find a man so wise
That he the Bible would improve,
Then, it is time to turn their eyes,—
And on themselves, impose a move.
That man talks for the golden nugget,
There's nothing else for which to talk ;
The *Eagle*—he would closely hug it,
Then, gently homeward sweetly walk.—

He panders to the human heart,
Because, he knows it likes things soft ;
For ease, it will with money part—
For healing plaster, give it oft.

You keep your money in your pocket,
  While seeking for the blessed truth;
You make a mean, unfitting socket
  To buy, what Jesus said, forsooth;
For all is free that he hath said,
  And money only spoils your case;
Come empty, helpless, feeling dead—
  And wait the promised, saving grace.
When you the Saviour shall have found
  He'll tell you how, and when to give,
To carry on the gospel sound
  By which poor sinners learn and live.
For you to give for others' sake—
  That they may soon the Saviour find
While you, yourself, refuse to take
  What he intends for all mankind,
Seems but ridiculous, at sight,
  And speaks a morbid, stupid heart;
Preferring darkness to the light,
  Yet helping others to depart.
But oh! how sad to understand,
  Through giving, some indulge a hope.

That if there be "The Better Land,"
They may with others thither grope.
If that is all they really know
How little chance they have to go.

Yea! welcome to the foul applause,
If that's the preacher's pleasing hope—
But claim no guidance by the laws
That lie within the gospel scope.
'Tis wonder God, that nothing slips
Nor sanction gives to least of sins—
Does not in silence seal the lips
That right avows, and else begins;
That shows the monster's cloven feet
While posing in the Saviour's name;—
It seems but right and only meet
That they be buried in their shame.

Glory to the Saviour's name!
Past, present, and etern the same.
For He has left us nought to do,
But take His *word* and follow through;
To leave our sins behind our back

And trace the footprints on His track.
He gives the power to do the deed
And does the onward journey lead.

He came not simply men to aid,—
But has their full salvation made ;
Not simply show the way of good,
But purchase with His precious blood ;
Not simply help out of the ditch,
But make the helpless sinner rich ;
Not simply show the wound of sin,
But pour the healing balm within ;
Not simply show sin causes pain,
But terminate its cursing reign,—
And usher in to take its place
The universal reign of grace ;
To grind to powder sin's allow,
And fill the soul with constant joy ;
To put an end to curdling doubt,
And give instead a hopeful shout ;
To dissipate the coming gloom,
By putting light within the tomb ;

To point the fact, souls never die,
To open wide a gate on high,
For all that wish therein to go—
Obtain credentials here below.

At last, the final hymn was sung,
That closed the service of the hour ;
His name was voiced by every tongue—
His love, His grace, His mighty power.

"Saviour, who died for me,
I give myself to Thee.
Thy love so full, so free,
Charms all my powers.
Be this my purpose high
To serve Thee till I die
Whether my path shall lie
'Mid thorns or flowers.

May it be joy for me
To follow only Thee ;
Thy faithful servant be,
Thine to the end.

For Thee I do and dare
For Thee the cross I bear,
To Thee direct my prayer,
On Thee depend.

Saviour with me abide,
Be ever near my side,
Support, defend and guide,
I look to Thee.
I lay my hand in Thine,
And fleshly joys resign,
If I may call Thee mine
Eternally."

"ANOTHER LIGHT."

There is another lesser light
  Which poses strangely as a greater;
That seems as if possessed of might,
  Would wonders do, as a creator!
Sees "*drunkards* through a *single* glass,
  A *dirty Christian* through a smoke;"
Another wearing heart of brass,
  That cannot get into his poke;
That cannot see through his smart eyes!
  That cannot swallow all he says;
Already he has lost the prize!
  And hell, a question but of days!

He stickles hard for holy ways!
  Which, all must own, as right and good;
For outward and for inner grace!
  Which, all must own, as righteous mood;
For nonconformity to earth!

Discarding what the world counts style ;
For placing stock in moral worth !
However much the world may smile.
He holds the Bible as a prize !
Owns all between its backs he sees,
" From every dot above its i's !
To every cross upon its t's.'
This is but right the pastor says ;
And so do we with all our heart !—
But how about the pastor's ways—
That form the correspondent part ?

We've seen him at what seemed his best,
And heard him at his lingual flow ;
Observed him as he plumed his crest
To bring the great effective blow.
He pours the clauses by the hour,
And hurls deduction's certain truth,
Then after each successful shower,
He clinches with a compressed mouth ;
But if it should require still more,
To supplement the brace and clamp,—

He brings it down upon the floor,
In right good Methodistic stamp.
He passes on the rostrum bench,
And flaunts behind the chancel bar;
But when he means an extra drench,
He poses like a mighty star:
Then off the tearing volume goes!
Which almost dwarfs Niagara;—
Over the rocky hearts it flows
To at the bottom dash in spray.

He never tasted hellish swill,
Nor with Havana leaf begrimed;
Right down upon the flaming still
And every interest by it primed.
He is a right good moral man—
There's no one will dispute the fact;
He claims to own a perfect plan
And by the plan divinely act.
If all that at his best appears
Or just exactly what he says,

Then Gabriel! might be found in tears
In prospect of a defunct place.

To make strokes as they ought to be
Takes dress besides loquacious force;
The talker must look right we see,
Before we can his talk endorse.
And thus we find the two together,
The one assistant to the other;
The dress, synonymous of weather—
The tongue, in flowing language smother.

There was the finest broadcloth black—
Cut in the latest cleric frock.
The snowy waistcoat from the rack—
Lends grace to grace the manly block.
The shapely pants of stylish cut
Americans but only know,
That fall so finely towards the foot
Until the knees begin to show.
Just at the extreme opposite
Of where suspenders hold their own,

There seemed a brilliant composite
That near the favored floor outshone ;—
But it proved but a pair of shoes,
Or else a pair of fancy boots,—
That any lesser light might use
That's fond of *patent leather* suits.
And, if a little while before,
As seen upon the honored street,
There would appear a something more—
A *spotless shell* the eye to greet,
That in the former days would stir
Among the boys amusing chat ; —
Shouting : "Who stole the donkey, sir?
"The man, that wears the tall *white* hat !"

And, then, there were the golden glasses
Suspended by an humble cord,
Which, pend'lum-like, swung 'fore the masses,
As beating time to move and word.
And, then, again, the gold repeater,
Repeating marvelously oft,

Till modest minds might mourn its meter,
And wonder why it seemed so soft.

The plainest place about the man
Was that the nearest to the skies ;
And had the balance owned the plan,
He'd been a Methodistic prize.
He claims a Methodistic birth—
And Methodism through and through,—
Owns it to be the best on earth—
Whatever may be other's view.

And as we've seen him, we have thought,—
That's funny nonconformity !
Why not depend on what he brought,
As clothed in truth's enormity.
Not come, as if he came for show,
To advertise a bandbox trade,—
Instead of letting people know,—
To God alone ! all honor's paid.
As if the greatest thought with him,
Was : how shall I all others dwarf ?—

The pigmies further still outdim—
Till hidden by my flowing scarf?
What do such pigmies really know?
What can they know compared with me?
Right from the apostolic flow;
As down through heaven's pedigree?
I'll warm them, with my wordy switch;
I'll let them see just what I am;
They'll see me at my *highest pitch*—
A faithful child of Abraham.
We've read of early Methodism,
And of the men that held the forts;
Its present form resembles schism—
Its preachers, numbers mongrel sports;—
A shame to olden Methodism—
Or olden methods, bear the shame;
Nay! preachers are to any ism,
Who own not through the Saviour's name.
Who cannot brook to nothing be
In money, dress, or social scale;
Let honor go, unchecked and free,
To Jesus, with the cry—All Hail!

He is a fair, good looking man—
If broad, bare face be counted so?
Built on a heavy, stalwart plan
That speaks a beefsteak little show.
He is not what we would call fat,
But wears a modest corpulence;
And all in all appearing what
Might speak for one of consequence.

And really, too, he does indeed,
Look clerical, from heels to neck,
As if he does retain the seed
Right down from old Melchisedek.
And, if he always did his best,
And kept within discretion's lines,
Showed order by his soul possessed—
Consistency, when he defines,—
He might, indeed, become a power
That would the cause of Satan dim;—
But, when he so "takes up the hour,"
By putting people's heads to swim,
Till they can scarcely trace the shower,—

From Satan, or, elsewhere to him,—
It only goes to spoil his force
And bring about an honest frown,
Until most modest minds endorse
To don him with a zany's crown.

Although this really may be thought
To point to some real entity,
And doubtless may by some be brought
To fix a real identity,
Yet, let it now be fairly said,
The author only means to deal
With principles !—no single head !—
The subjects far too wide and real,
To stop to cavil with the one
When teeming millions are at stake:
To with some little trinkets don
To simply see how they will take—
Is far beneath an honest pen,
And what the author would despise ;—
But if it comes to showing men
By raising up a blinding guise,—

The author 's pledged to this discharge,
  However it may catch or kill,—
On every subject to enlarge,
  He thinks confronts Jehovah's will.
His only object is to move
  The curtain that conceals the dirt,
To sweep the crevice and the groove,
  Although, he might an insect hurt.
And hence, although, we thus have said,
  We have a little more to say ;
To touch upon another head—
  Another feature of display.

This same good pastor took a charge
  Something less than an age ago ;
And thus turned on a flock at large
  His bagpipes soon began to blow.
He preached—and preached his very best ;
  He preached—and preached exceeding well ;
Showed hearers what's the Christian test—
  And, minus ! showed the way to hell.
Most people took right by the ears,

Some favored few, took by the hand ;—
All right and fair in what appears—
Both as to order and command.

But shortly, as the custom is,
There was to form a sort of socket ;
And, now, he felt the duty his,
To sermonize upon the pocket !
What his young predecessor had,
Was not at all enough for him !
He, was but little else but lad !
In shallow water he might swim.
" I cannot live on that amount ; "
On paltry thirteen hundred dollars !
I must have more to my account—
And here, the parson sweetly hollos.

There was a man upon the Board—
An honest man most people say ;
Gave more than what he could afford
To help God's cause along the way:
Was just an honest workingman,

With something like twelve dollars wage ;
For four small children had to plan,
And for himself, and wife engage.
This outburst on the pastor's part,
Did touch this struggling person's soul,
And stirred the feelings of his heart
Until his tongue began to roll.

It was not that he thought so much
About the way the wages grew ;
The fact that did him so much touch—
The church had more than it could do.
Yet, still ! comparison might penal !
Which, well it might ! How, could it help ?
Since he had four young dogs to kennel !
The pastor had but one young whelp.
But so it was, the matter turned,
Just as this man the case repeated ;
The major part there present burned—
The pastor, hence, became defeated.

And now we come to touch a point,
That viewed in some ways seems immense ;

But as appearing joint by joint,
Note only here coincidence.
We would not claim to read a thought—
The motive power that works within ;
Can just arrange the tags as brought,
And tag together with a pin.

This man, a member of the Board,
Was also Leader of a class ;
As such, was held in good record
By all the church—yes ! say, *en masse!*
That very week, a notice came ;
By pastor given at his house ;
It did not taunt with any blame,
But only nicely let him loose.
It told him in the fewest words
His days of office had expired ; —
No reason ! of his own, or Lord's ; —
Was simply, as a Leader, fired !
Now this man was upon the Board
In virtue of the office held,

So that when he received this word,
It spoke for our being nicely felled.

But, what about the Sunday class?
It was on Sunday noon it met;
Old institution! but, alas!
It was now doomed to be upset.
For years it had been well attended—
Some twenty members, to twoscore;
But, now, it shrinks as thus amended,
Until we find it is no more.
It only lived a few short weeks,
And, then, to nothing it did wince;—
Nor phœnix-like, resuming freaks,—
The church has never had one since;—
Excepting one, that took its rise,
Through what is called the Young Endeavor;
As to old members Sunday *prize*,
It never meets—no, never, never.

Time wears apace, the period nears,
That Conference has again to meet,

When pastors doff and don their gears,
And change around from seat to seat.
If but one year attended flock,—
And no urged reason for the sack —
The chances are, they hold the stock ; —
Are to their sheep and lambs sent back.

Now, this good pastor did not care,—
Nor might he know how things would be ;
Least, so he said !—that seems but fair ; —
But really ! let us look and see !
If no plain certainty appeared,—
Which we, perhaps ought to admit,—
Yet, outlook might, itself have reared
A place where likelihood could sit.
We've heard of things being "cut and dried,"
Before the Conference came around,
And put just where the rising tide
Would carry to the chosen ground.
Be far from us to doubt a word,
Unless we see the reason why ;

But still we may observe accord,
And let the things, themselves, apply.

There had been what's called wire-pulling,—
A flying up and flying round ;
And, not in visits, for the culling
Of weeds upon the pastoral ground ; —
But just to test some heavy guns
That might be wanted in a fight,—
To blow to atoms awkward sons
That would be better out of sight.
And, hence, we find, time opportune,
A bombshell blasts the Board apart ; —
Almost, to smitherines and ruin,
And, many suffer bitter smart.
The Board had been composed of members,
The best the church had in command ;
But they were left like smoking embers,
Or broken wrecks upon the strand.

The Board, again, was reconstructed
Of inexperienced elements ;

The pastor, back again, conducted,
To guide and rule the innocents.
The church, of course, it went along;
Some members came—some staid away,
But, to the issues of that wrong—
We would defer till Judgment day.

Not many weeks had passed and gone
Until a burly, surly man,
Went from the seat he sat upon
And through a rambling statement ran.
As to the front he wheeled and stepped
He seemed to load all there with blame;
"Like beggar, had their pastor kept,"—
And, then, bedaubed the crowd with shame.
The pastor, there, did quiet sit,
As mute as any mute McGregor;
Nor did he seem to doubt a bit
That he'd been treated like a "beggar."

This was a hint, things would be changed,
By men that now had things in tow;

The innocents, would be arranged,—
And, then, the current in its flow.

The sum, and substance of the whole!
It meant two hundred dollars more;
Although, it might cost soul on soul!
It must be added to the store.
Two hundred dollars! Is that all?
And take the risk! of all that follows?
The bargain, it is meanly small,—
Were it two hundred million dollars!

The story, thus, it has been long,
Because we wish to have it fair,—
And, do no person any wrong;
But simple truth, to place it where
It speaks a language of its own,—
And, tells its own plain simple tale;
The facts alone, we would have known,
And would in no way else assail.
If this weak effort be of use,
To help in stopping repetition;

Or, aid to check such mean abuse !
It will have fully met its mission.

Now sad, as this sad tale may be,
The thing it speaks is not unique ;
'Twas handled roughly, as we see,—
But many similar language speak.
Even this very self-same man,
Proved as his former church's guest,
To act upon a similar plan
By which to feather up his nest ;
Regardless of the precious souls !
Unmindful, of the poorest saint !
To him, the lucre current rolls,
Though it may leave some dry and faint.

And these are men that represent
Our lovely Saviour, in his work ;
Whose lives seem rather to be spent
In wielding a Satanic dirk.
For what are they but wolves of prey,
Which prey on money-poor sheep ;

That from the fold drive them away,
Perhaps! into destruction's deep;
Who make them cringe, beneath their words,
Or, stay at home, in fell disgust!
To almost, doubt themselves the Lord's,—
And ready to desert their trust.
A well-fed, well-clothed, healthy man,
With ready tongue and little care,
With ease, may spout on any plan,
Where others have the weight to bear;
But keep from him all heavy weight,—
No pressure on his head or toes,
Or else he's apt to tell you straight
You're little better than his foes.

A man that goes to work for God
Should take whatever God may send,
Whether, it be health, affliction's rod,
Or much or little for to spend.
If he has got too little wage,—
Deplores God's gracious estimate?
He better somewhere else engage;

Just let the world his value state.
It shows that he is out of place
If restless in the charge he's got ;
Or, else it shows the dearth of grace ;
For grace makes joyous any lot.

When God refuses higher pay,
To go and ask the devil's aid,
Means, to submit to Satan's way,
Or else no contract will be made.
So that the honest thing would be
To own old Satan—though a thief,
Or let him fair and squarely see
That God alone is head and chief.

Such men may think that they are called
By God, to preach His blessed truth,
And as His servants should be stalled,
In all that's best for back and mouth.
To represent so high a King !
They ought, themselves to be up high !
Then, as in condescension, bring
This saving message from the sky.

And thus inform a fallen race,
With majesty ! as well as word ;
Dole out their money's worth in grace,
And brand, all who can nought afford,—
As men, unworthy of His love—
By God, neglected and ignored ;
Need never hope to go above,
Or have a paradise restored.

They do not say this much, indeed ;—
It only shows in outward acts ;
The poor, how little do they heed—
The rich—are their accomplished facts !

That man, who deals in saving souls,
Does earthly rubbish all despise ;
He sets before him, other goals,—
And, God-sent ! Jesus qualifies
To preach His word of truth and grace ;
He asks no pay but what He gives ;
He waits the meeting—face to face !
To don the crown he then receives.

The men that run church money matters,
Are mostly of a worldly turn ;
So long as money kindly flatters,
The inner flame may cease to burn.
Being men of earthly cast of mind,
They know no way to heaven please,
Than being, to pastors good and kind,
And generous, as to cash and ease.
They cater to their carnal side,
And make the most of earthly good ;
The more the Godlike pastors hide,
The better are their clothes and food.
They value church prosperity
As money to its coffers flows ;
All else, unheeded mystery !
Excepting what on platters shows.
And hence their only object is
To keep alive these money matters ;
Their way of aptly doing this,—
Is twirling wheels that money scatters.

Where would you find church Methodist,
Where money matters do run smooth,

That there are none !—would not insist,
But that there are ! Who'd swear, forsooth ;
As soon as money matters ease,
And spirit life begins to flow,
The worldly powers fan a breeze
That make the money wheels to go.
And hence, the church is always busy,
In plodding at a useless play ;
For most, is spiritually dizzy !—
And many, doubtless, cause to stray.
The church expenses can be made
Just anything these *powers* say ;
They promise more than average aid,—
And then, by tactics matters sway.
And often strike some things so high,
They go beyond the church's means ;
And then ! for service of the sky,
There are the most disgraceful scenes !
No wonder spirit-life is low
To see how these things they must meet ;—
To raise the money pastors blow,
Like howling cheap-jacks on the street.

It may, in fact, be often seen,
On one good Sunday, four collections ;
The morning, and the evening glean
Appear, to double-dose affections.
First, moves the unassuming bag,
With all its humble, careful stops ;
So courteously it seems to lag,
Until the little matter drops.
No one with reason, would find fault
With this most rational device,
If it but measures right the halt,—
And pastors do not fix a price.
But, when a lecture goes before,
And then, another does succeed ;
Then, onset by another corps—
With larger force to onset lead,—
Each armed with pencil, paper sheet,
In case the first has emptied pockets,
To honor pledge, the case to me,—
And thus, in this way form new sockets ;-
And all the while the pastor talking,
And finding fault how money's given—

And as the rostrum stage he's stalking—
  Seems half-inclined to close up heaven,—
And leave the poor miserable givers
  All sprawling on the way to hell ;—
Or have them all blown into shivers,—
  As there! would be too good to dwell ;
And urging that—"Some hold opinion,
  There are too many church collections,
But if, that he possessed dominion,—
  He would enforce more cash connections.
There are too few collections made ;
  The people ought to give much more ;
Not act as if the Lord was paid,
  When they so little do restore.
A person that just earns a dollar,—
  A part of that belongs to God !
He's got the giving rule to follow—
  No matter how he's fed or shod.
This manner seems to alter things,
  And gives them more the cockpit shape ;
All that is Jesus-like but brings,
  To with its funeral trappings drape.

Some would go further than he goes,
And say—the whole belongs to God ;
If but a dollar God bestows—
Return according to His word.
But, read that *word*, to learn His *law ;*
Pay little heed to laws of preachers,
Unless they right conclusions draw
As to the *Truth* that Heaven teachers.
You'll never know what's right to do,
Unless, you read that blessed word ;
Take it, with honest hearts and true,
And get your knowledge from the Lord.
You cannot send your cash on high
By any means than using it ;
Can only reach the upper sky
By doing what is right and fit.
Are you a temple of the Lord,—
His Holy Spirit dwelling there ?
Take what His goodness does afford
To make that temple right and fair.
You better on that temple place
The bounty that He does bestow,—

In keeping with His will and grace,
Which to His own does ever show,
Than give because some others give
While conscience tells you it is wrong,
Strain ! for the preacher prince to live
While you as pauper go along.

Now, if some go to crooked ways
To carry out a mean design,
From where do they obtain the grace (?)
That would their hearts to such incline ?
Not from the power above, divine,—
The gentle, loving, Holy Spirit ;
He does to sweetest ways incline—
His vot'ries all that's meek inherit.
He draws the heart and warms the soul,—
Bestows a satisfying peace ;
Propels the joyous waves that roll,
That from all anxious cares release ;
He lifts affections, far above
The mean and groveling things of earth,—
Supplants all selfishness by love

That rings with true intrinsic worth.
Yea ! rather, trace it to the source
That has its spring in nether hell !—
That's carried forward by the force
That sweeps with its infernal swell.

A man, with God, whose heart is right,
Makes up his mind to do His will ;
Will act when duty comes in sight
And ever do the gracious still.
Will not concern himself so much
As to what other people do,
But move as by the Spirit's touch,
In taking to the good and true.
He'll never see God's work stand still,
If he can move it further on ;
Will by the power of grace fulfill,
All that is right to act upon.

Then why should there be such like scenes
On God's most blessed, hallowed day ?
Why not attend to ways and means
In meeting things some other way ?

Or work the thing on such a scale
That there will be no need of such?
Or go to God when things would fail—
When human nature needs a crutch?
This would appear to be God's plan,
As by His blessed word set forth;—
Heaven's grace, to feed the soul of man—
Sure bread and water,—needs of earth.
"My spirit's grace, it is sufficient;—
Thy bread and water, shall be sure;—
No fear!—my knowledge is omniscient;
No lack! my storehouse will endure."

Have heard it said; can't say for true.
But, heard it said in such a way,—
And, that by those who really knew,—
That one may pledge on what they say.
And they most strongly do suggest,—
Nay! they most urgently assert
That, where old Mammon takes his test,
And where the worldlings are alert,—
Right in the nice official meeting,

Where but the Spirit ought to lead,
They get to where there's *spirit heating !*—
The opposite of what they need.
That it's almost impossible,
To there retain the Spirit life ;
Is seen such want of principle,—
Such mean, and underhanded strife.
Till it has now, almost become,—
That is—with old official members,—
To put in office—means to doom
To sudden death, or flickering embers.

Is there no way to meet this thing,
With all the aggregate church sense ;
And all the learning D. D.'s bring,
Which seems on other things immense ;
Almost enough to run a state,
And guide an empire to its fate.

The money matters form the sore
That cripple Methodistic power ;
And greatly help old Satan more
To precious souls of saints devour.

It is the poor that feel the pressure,
And dread the church's thirst for gold ;
Stay home beside an empty measure
Than have their abject meanness told.
Thus, that blest place which should be home
For all God's saints, however poor,—
Does on the lowly cast its gloom,—
Its smiles are on the money-doer.

It makes such clamor for the pelf
As if God really was a pauper,
And Satan now controlled the shelf,
And drove Him like a vanguished Tartar.
And that His children must appear
In all their force—with all their money,
To save Him from an early bier,
As He had neither milk nor honey.
Of course, it is for *God* they beg,—
Though people know just who it's for ;
Yet, balance on the hinder leg
And hollo ! God is wanting more !—
When He in love is always sure,

To do just as His word declares,
Nor asks a cent from humble doer
For all the grace, his love outshares:
"Ho every one that hungers, thirsts,
Come unto me for your supply;
My granary with grain outbursts;
My fountain, it is never dry.
Buy wine and milk!—buy without gold;
Eat all you wish!—drink all you may;
No price! To you, 'tis freely sold!—
Your heart is all I wish as pay."
It is a libel on His name,
To thus be busy begging elves,
And, then, on Him, to throw the blame
When they are begging for themselves.

We have not time to go the length,
To meet this question as we should,
Nor do we think we have the strength,
To do it rightly if we would.
'Tis very difficult to handle,
For oft in darkness we must glean;

Yet, still by light of farthing candle
There's many spots that may be seen.
But looking through a self-stained glass,
Some seem to warp the plainest ray ;
The most they see is lucre-brass,—
But still, it looks a choice display.
It fires their hearts for worldly gain,
Ambition, craves for social scale ;
They through God's cause would this attain,
By demon flank—moves, would assail.
Their minds are now on money bent,
And, in proportion, less on souls ;
They, now, are willing to be spent,—
But on the line of earthly goals.

It is well known to thinking minds
That spirit life is ebbing low ;
The golden cord, that churches binds,
Is leaving grace but little show.
The preachers know, and feel it, too,
Although they may be coy and blithe ;

But do not let the thing accrue,
As to forego a single tithe.

They know the kine that run the church—
The useful cows that give the butter ;
To thwart ! might get into the lurch,
If not into a dirty gutter.
These, make the moulds, to salary cast,
So large !—to fill, means almost cozen ;
Old preachers, would have stood aghast !
With quarters for a half a dozen.
And, to compare the work that's done,
With what the older preachers did,
The ratio would quickly run
Into a perfect pyramid.

These money men, they are not wanted,
Excepting for the extra tilt ;
It may, indeed, be easily granted,
That what they give, is so much spilt.
The most they do, is supplement,
What otherwise would be enough,—
For any who the Lord has sent,

And willing for the smooth or rough.
'Twould ministers, themselves, assist
To live far better Christian lives ;
From heaven's granaries seek their grist
When earthly promise scarce survives.
But when the devil sends the preachers
To carry out the pulpit boom,
Then, you may see the perfect creatures,
That for the money, will make room.

If, there were more dependence, on
The promise that the Lord has given ;—
The *Truth*, that from His mouth has gone,
Which stands as firm as earth and heaven,—
There would not so much clamor be
About the things that we behold ; —
With God, we eye to eye would see,
And prize His word, more than earth's gold.

Will He not meet his gracious word ?
For all His faithful people care ?
Right succour to His church afford,

In answer to its faithful prayer ?
Has God so placed His church, below,
That Satan's help has to be sought,—
In order that the thing may go,
And to its rightful end be brought ?
Is this the view we have to take,
After a Bible full of truth,
Where God has promised for the sake
Of words out of the Saviour's mouth,
That He will answer every need
That can His followers attend ;
To guide, to guard, to clothe, to feed,—
Yea ! in a word ! save, to the end !

Why should we seek the devil's cash
To carry on the work of God ?
And thus allow the fiend to lash
God's children with a cruel rod ?
When Eden's plenty is at hand—
When heaven's treasures wait to pour ;
All ready for the faithful band
To ask and have of needful store ?

Why cater to the moneyed class,
Who help to crush the faithful poor?
And with the jawbone of an ass
Would quiet down the humble doer?
"Oh! they have money to endorse,
Whatever mule or ass may say;
And since this seems to be the force
By which the Spirit wins His way,
'Tis just and right, to cater to
These men, that have the money hold;
If they prefer to stay untrue,—
There's no untruth in sterling gold.
These pauper, God-forsaken sheep,
That have no money in or on them,—
'Tis time that they were off to sleep,
And had a friendly sod to don them.

It almost, now, would seem that money,
Is in solution, in the blood;
Transmitted by the sire to sonny;—
Without it, health, is never good!
Oh, no! there's nothing can be right!—

Not even heaven's highest grace !
All is subject to fatal blight—
If money does not lead the race.
So much the notion is embedded,
And more than mixed with every plan,
That it is now, a thing more dreaded
Than hell ! to be a poor man.

That this is social sentiment,
The people's *penchant* does portray ;
A spirit born of discontent,—
And prevalent in America.
The church has caught the burning fire,
And, now, rides money like a hobby ;
Its spirit-life must soon retire,—
Already, in the exit lobby.—

If Methodism makes its way
As it has done the century past ;
Goes from its pristine path astray,
As certain, and, keeps on as fast,—
No ism ! Roman Catholic,
Mohammed, pagan, or say—worse !—

Could even lay it on as thick,
As Methodism would endorse.
Give it a thousand years or more
As Roman old Catholicism,—
And at the rate we said before,—
What would we style the blooming ism.
We would not dare to guess a name,
We could not do it if we tried;
Old Webster, must come back to frame
A word that would the thing betide.

This is no time to crack a joke,
The matter is too great for such;
It is not simply Wesley's yoke—
But Jesus' yoke, has painful touch.
And, if the Word of God be true,
And as it reads to common folk,
Some ministers, without ado
Are fairly in old Satan's yoke.

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